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STORIES

FOR

The Young Pilgrims,

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BY

UNCLE PILGRIM.

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WHAT IS FAITH?

I imprinted on my daughter the idea of *faith* at a very early age. She was playing, one day, with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said,—

"My dear, you have some pretty beads there."

"Yes, papa."

"And you seem to be vastly pleased with them."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, now throw them into the fire."

The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice.

"Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you any thing which I did not think would be good for you."

She looked at me a few moments longer, and then summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire.

"Well," said I, "there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but I say no more about them now."

Some days after, I bought a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears with ecstasy.

"Those, my child," said I, "are yours, because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads into the fire. Now that has brought you this treas-

ure. But now, my dear, remember as long as you live what faith is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of faith. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing he says in his Word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means it for your good."

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A poor lame boy was walking along one of the muddy streets of the city, trying to find a suitable place to cross. The heavy rains had fallen, and the street was unusually deep with mud and water.

While waiting to cross, another lad saw him, and cried out, "Stop! stop! I'll carry you over!"

In a moment, he gently took the little cripple in his arms, and carried him safely over to the other side of the street. In doing it, he got quite wet and muddy; but he did not mind that, for he felt amply repaid by the *inward reward* which his heart gave him. The little lame boy smiled gratefully, and thanked him kindly; but the satisfaction of doing a kind act paid him better.

KILLED BY TOBACCO.

A youth of sixteen fell dead with a cigar in his mouth in a dram-shop. What caused his death? The coroner's inquest said, "It was a mysterious act of God." The minister at the funeral consoled the

friends by saying much the same thing. Physicians said it was "heart disease," and said nothing about the cause of the disease.

A sensible woman, knowing the boy's habits, said, "Tobacco killed him!" It deranged the action of the heart; it ceased to beat, and the victim fell!

"DON'T FORGET TO PRAY."

Two little freed girls, at a Mission School in Virginia, who had given their hearts to Christ, were talking in the mission yard one day, and, as they separated, one said to the other,—"*Don't forget to pray.*"

Are you surrounded with evil companions, and do they and Satan and your own evil heart tempt you to sin? Do you feel the need of help from God, to enable you to overcome, and live a Christian life, and get into the kingdom of heaven? Remember the words of the little colored girl,—"*Don't forget to pray.*"

Uncle Pilgrim.

A BAD MARK.

"I've got a boy for you, sir."

"Glad of it: who is he?" asked the master-workman of a large establishment.

The man told the boy's name, and where he lived.

"Don't want him," said the master-workman; "he has got a bad mark."

"A bad mark, sir! What?"

"I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smokers."

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

When I was a little girl, I went to school in an old red school-house, with two windows on each side, and a door opening toward the west.

Among the children were several boys, who used to say bad words, and often do low, mean things. I thought these boys were almost too wicked to live upon the earth, and kept out of their way as much as I could. But yet, all my life long, the memory of what they said and did sometimes comes up to me; and, though I would be very glad to forget them entirely, I cannot.

Now, my dear little boys and girls, I wish you would listen to me, and believe what I say.

You do not know what mischief you are doing to yourself when you listen to coarse boys, who use any sort of bad words. If you are not made low and wicked by them, and come up, in spite of it, to be pure men and women, you will be all the more sorry for the impure spot left in your mind, which will stick like pitch to you, and which you can never burn out or wash away.

Frances Lee.

"YOU are *afraid* to take a glass," said one apprentice to another.

"I *am afraid* to break my pledge, and I hope I shall always be," was the brave reply.

Give us a good deal of that sort of fear.

TEMPERANCE is the best medicine.

A CHILD'S ELOQUENCE.

A sweet little girl, named Sarah, had been to church, and went home full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who had been to church, but who was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner, replied,—

"It is your mother, or Aunt Sally, that put you up to that, my little girl."

"No, papa," said the little creature, "the preacher said, 'All good people pray, and those who don't pray aren't going to the kingdom of heaven.' Pa, do you pray?"

This was more than her father could stand, and in a rough way he said,—

"Well, you and your mother and your Aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Pa," said the little creature, with sweet simplicity, "which way are *you* going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair and burst into tears. Within a few days he was a happy convert, and I believe he will appear in the kingdom of heaven as a star in his little daughter's crown of rejoicing.

LET youth ever respect old age. The boy who does not show respect to his father, will be apt to lose the respect of all true men.

THE CONVERTED BOY AND HIS NOVELS.

A little boy twelve years old, who was very fond of reading novels, was converted in Charlestown last winter. Now that he had given himself to Christ, he was anxious to please him in every thing. So he asked himself one day,—

"Will novels help me to be a better Christian? No! Is it right to read them? No! What shall I do with them? Burn them!"

Soon after, his mother found him in a room alone, busy over the fire. She asked him what he was doing.

"*I am burning my novels*," said he.

Christians, who love Jesus and the blessed Bible, have no time nor wish to read novels; and they who do read novels have little love for Jesus, and find little pleasure in reading the Bible. The best place for most novels is the fire. Uncle Pilgrim.

MY FATHER'S DAY.

"I can't have you come on Tuesday, William; come Sunday, and we'll go up river, not Tuesday," said a young clerk to a new acquaintance.

"Why are you so particular about Tuesday?" asked his friend.

"Because on that day I go and see my father; he lives with a married brother; and I've a friend who goes in that direction Tuesday, and he gives me a ride. I would n't have any thing prevent me from going to see father that day."

"Why not go Sunday?"

"Oh, because my brother has some strict notions against Sunday travelling, and as he takes care of my poor sick father, I do not like to offend him; so you come and see me Sunday, and we will have a fine row on the river."

"Ah," replied his friend, "Sunday is *my* Father's day. I go to see him in his house on that day, and I would not miss it on any account; so don't ask me to go on a pleasure excursion *that* day."

"I never thought of putting that so before," said James, a little confused; "but I see you are right; Sunday is our heavenly Father's day."

"Yes; and as he gives us the other days in the week to do our work in, we ought to give him our homage and public worship one day in seven, on his own day.

LITTLE SINS.

A little hole in a ship sinks it; a small breach in a sea-bank carries all away before it; a little stab in the heart kills a man; and a little sin, as it is often improperly called, tends to his final destruction. Whatever sin the heart is prone to, that the devil will help forward. A little drop has been many a man's ruin; every drunkard began with a single glass.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

Fear God, my child, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
To such as put their trust in Him,
He is forever near.

WHO IS THE ROBBER?

One Sunday, a gentleman was going to church. On his way he saw a number of boys playing on the common. He wanted very much to show them how wrong it was for them to be doing so at that time; but he knew that if he began to reprove them they would n't listen to him. So he walked leisurely up to them, and sat down on the grass. Presently in a pleasant, familiar tone, he said,—

"Boys, I want to tell you a story."

Directly they all gathered unsuspectingly around him, and he began as follows:—

"There was once a good man, who was noted for his kindness and liberality. At the time of which I speak he was on a journey. As he was pursuing his way along a lonely road, he met a man who represented himself as having suffered a great loss, in consequence of which he was in deep distress. With his usual kindness, the good man instantly drew out his purse, and after examining it, he said, 'I have only seven pounds with me; but I think that with one pound I can get to the end of my journey, and you shall have the rest.' With this he handed the man the six pounds. Was n't that generous? Don't you think that the beggar must have gone off feeling very grateful and contented? Certainly, we should have expected this. But he did no such thing. He was not a beggar, but a robber; and seeing that the good man had still one pound in his purse, he knocked him down with a club, and stole his last pound from him."

The boys were very indignant on hearing this. They all cried out against the shameful conduct of the robber. One of them went so far as to say that he didn't think any body could be found quite so wicked as that.

"Now, stop," said the gentleman; "let me tell you, boys, this is just what *you* are doing. God has freely given you six days out of the seven for your own use. He has kept only *one* for himself, to be kept holy, and spent in worshipping him; and yet you are so mean as to rob him of that!"

The boys hung down their heads. They had not a word to say, but broke up their play and went off.

"BY THE WAY I LIVE, MA'AM."

A little colored girl at a Mission School in Fortress Monroe, Virginia, a few weeks ago, gave herself to Christ. The teacher and missionary, passing by her cabin one day, stopped to talk with her.

"How are you going to show that you are a Christian, Julia?" asked the teacher.

"*By the way I live, ma'am,*" was the prompt reply. Could you have given a better answer, young reader? The little freed girl was right. As the fruit which a tree bears will show what kind of a tree it is, so will our words and deeds show whether we are Christians or not. Uncle Pilgrim.

THOU shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

RUNNING DOWN HILL.

A railway train, filled with goods, sheep, cattle, and market produce, was standing at the top of a long inclined plane. The trains at that place were lowered down by a rope. There were a great many other trains and carriages, both full and empty, standing at the top of the incline. The men were busily engaged, each with his own work. Some were adding a few empty carriages to the end of the goods train, before it was let down the inclined plane. As each carriage was pushed slowly up and joined to the others, it gave the train a blow. Each of these blows produced some effect. At last, as carriage after carriage was added behind, those in front began to move slowly—very slowly at first—down the incline. At each turn of the wheels they went faster and faster, and soon the motion became visible to every one.

An outcry arose. Some ran to the brakes; others ran to try and fasten the long rope to the hindermost carriage,—but all in vain; the boldest were terrified; the speed increased; and soon with a rumble like thunder and a speed like lightning, the whole train darted down the hill, and was smashed, with all its living freight, into splinters and atoms at the bottom!

This is too frequently the progress of little sins in the heart. If you do not take good heed, you may get fairly started, without brake or guard, down the inclined plane of sin; and the end of it is destruction and death, sure and certain. Nothing short of a

miracle could have stopped that train when it was once fairly in motion; and nothing short of a miracle of grace can stop you, when once you are fairly advanced in the full career of little sins. Stop! Stop now, while yet there is time. Trust to no miracle, but seek the Lord while he is near.

AN HOUR OF TIME.

How quickly it passes! How soon it is gone! and when gone it is gone forever! Do you think how precious the hours are? In a little while the last one will pass away,—the last one that brings us to the judgment day. Then, if they have not been wisely improved, you will look back with regret, and say,—

"*The harvest is past, the summer ended, and I am not saved.*"

Then, what value will you place upon *one hour of time!* Oh, do not waste the precious hours. Read the word of God and pray. Go to the prayer meeting and the Sabbath school. Walk in the way that leads to eternal life.

There is but one way to be saved in the kingdom of God; and that is by *faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ, and *obedience* to his commandments. Seek diligently, then, for that narrow way, and walk therein. Let not another hour be lost. L. P. Hastings.

REAL greatness does not depend on the things we do, but on the mind with which we do them.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

The Judge—"Jesus of Nazareth, ordained to be the Judge of living and dead."

His coming—"Behold the Lord cometh to execute judgment upon all."

His attendants—"And all the holy angels with him." "And the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands."

The great assembly—"Before him shall be gathered all nations." "And every eye shall see him, and they also who pierced him; and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him."

The judgment—"And the books were opened . . . and they were judged every man according to his works . . . and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death."

Its terribleness—"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men . . . and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

Its joyfulness—"Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth." "And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God! we have waited for him, and he will save us. This is the LORD! we have waited for him. We will be glad and rejoice in his salvation!"

Its nearness—"The great day of the Lord is near; it is near, and hasteth greatly."

It will soon be here. Which will it be to *you*,—a day of terror, or a day of joy? Uncle Pilgrim.

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

The sins of the tongue are very common. They are:—

1. The sin of swearing. God says, "Swear not at all."

2. The sin of lying. God says, "Thou shalt not lie."

3. Evil-speaking. God says, "Speak not evil one of another."

4. Impure conversation. God says, "Put impure communications out of your mouth."

5. Idle words. "Foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," let them "not be once named among you."

Now, sin is the breaking of God's commandments, and he has said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

He does not say, he that sins a great deal, or for a long time, or he that breaks every one of my laws, but he that *sins*. "He that offends in one point is guilty of all."

Are you not then, reader, in a solemn and fearful case? The sentence of death has passed upon you.

But listen to another of God's words, most precious and comforting: "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy."

GIVE.

Is this the spirit of our dear children? God gave his dear Son, and Jesus gave his precious life to bless us. Are we giving our feet, our hands, our time, our money, our heart, to help and bless others? To be like God, we must give. Hear what the still small voices of God's beautiful world say:—

"Give," said the little stream.
As it hurried down the hill;
"I am small, I know, but wherever I go
The fields grow greener still."

"Give," said the gentle rain,
As it fell upon the flowers;
"I raise up the drooping heads again,
And freshen the summer bowers."

"Give," said the violet sweet,
In its soft, spring-like voice;
"From cottage and hall they will hear my call,
They will find me and rejoice."

"Give," said they all, "for we
Have much received from heaven;
And we fain would give, yes, would only live
To give as God has given."

And you, dear children, too,
Have a something you can give;
O, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
And for God and others live.

A KIND SPIRIT.

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back to your own bosom.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL AND THE THEATRE TICKET.

A young lady in Jamaica once offered a ticket for the theatre to a little Sunday school girl. Did she take the ticket and go? No. She said,—

"Ma'am, I thank you; but I hope I could not disgrace the school so much as to think of going to such a place."

How would *you* do, children, if a ticket for a theatre or circus were offered to you? Would you refuse it, as the little girl did. I hope so. They are bad places for the young, and for the old, too. Make up your mind never to be in any place where you would not want to have the Lord find you when He comes.

Aunt Mary.

BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD TO COME.

"Beautiful city built above;
Beautiful mansions that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple, God its light;
Beautiful trees forever there;
Beautiful fruits they always bear;
Beautiful rivers gliding by;
Beautiful fountains never dry;
Beautiful heaven where all is light;
Beautiful angels clothed in white;
Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there."

Will you be there, young reader?

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And soothed me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cosy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

Who loved to see me pleased and gay,
And taught me sweetly how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place and make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant heart to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And taught me wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,—
My mother?

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,—
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,—
My mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My mother.

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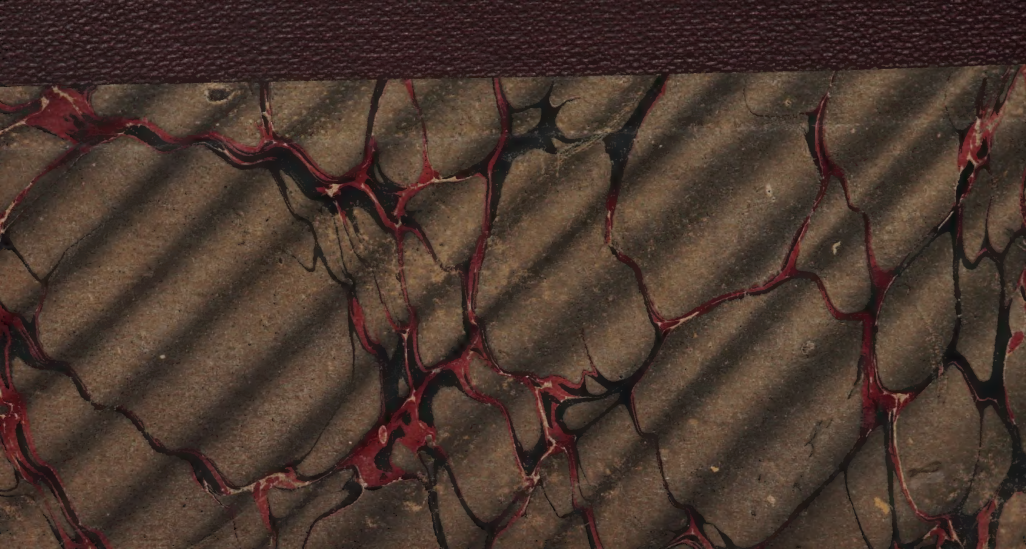
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